Old Saloons That History Stars and Their Impending Fates

Over One, Washington Said Farewell; In Another Garibaldi Talked Liberty

Brosnan's, Stewart's, McSorley's et al, to Follow "Black Sam's Chop Houses

By JOHN W. HARRINGTON.

BROSNAN'S sawdust trail is soon to be with things that were. The paintings of national bank notes which adorn the walls of Stewart's quenchery are going on the block of the auctioneer. Already the sirocco of prohibition is withering the oases.

One cannot dismiss the old New York saloon in a single clove scented breath. The memory of many will remain. The great ones of the earth have hooked their heels on the brass rails of these old taverns which are passing; the fates of nations have been weighed around their dingy tables.

Are there not saloons which are repositories of literature and art—and others that had stuffed birds before ever we had a museum of natural history? Were the saloon in better odor with the nation some one might build a memorial to house its pictures and statues and historical documents. But as matters stand these valuable collections are being cast adrift on the cold water, eventually to find their way into some back eddy or other, there to be seen no more.

These taverns of old New York, so soon to be perverted to the selling of mere food or soda water, are well indented in the city map. Hardly had the good Dutch burghers built their palisade against the Indians when they opened a saloon. It used to stand down at 1 Broadway, where there is an office building full with those of this about to be ginless generation. There, tradition has it, the first cocktail in the United States was compounded, and men of the New World first took their ease in their inn.

All lower New York bears footprints of time in these old houses, where mighty draughts of schnapps were once poured down.

History? John Brosnan's, in Fulton street, is covered with it! The ambition of the National Park Bank to spread eastward was responsible for the decision that Brosnan's was to go.

When it goes the site probably will never be marked by a tablet of bronze like this:

"Here Garibaldi planned the liberation of Italy."

And yet he may have. He spent many a year within what is now Greater New York. He made his living as a chandler and soap boiler, and down on Staten Island, near Rosebank, is his cottage, and in the yard, on its base of brick, is one of the kettles he used. He and his compatriots in exile took many a trip to lower Manhattan in those days and met other friends of liberty in the little back room of Lorenzo Ventura's wine shop. It was about this time, 1850, that John Brosnan took over the place, but with rare delicacy permitted the sign of the former proprietor to remain, and so it has remained unto this day.

The room where Garibaldi assembled his junta is just as it was in his day. In the middle of it is a ponderous table with massive curlycue legs and topped with an octagonal slab of red marble. The favored visitor to Brosnan's may have a look at Garibaldi's Table or sit in one of the chairs in which he sat at the head of his council. Light slants from a single window to find the mahogany bookcase nailed against the wall and bursting with yellowed documents and newspapers. When the door of this haven is closed no sound of any talk within can reach the outside world. Nowadays the room houses the telephone.

Brosnan's is a saloon of the plain old type. When it was started there were two extremes in the decoration of hostelries. One was represented by the famous Gem Saloon, a picture of whose gaudy interior is so broadmindedly hung on the Brosnan wall. The Gem had a tesselated floor of varicolored marbles. It had what was then said to be the largest mirror in the United States. Carved owls blinked down upon its patrons, and back of the bar officiated a wonderful mixer of drinks swinging a stream of juleps two feet long or pretty nearly.

Brosnan's, however, has always held to life's verities. It encouraged a man to take his whiskey straight. The best brands which the world could produce went over its oaken bar. Bottles hung with cobwebs still stand on its shelves, though their ranks grow thin as the fatal hour draws nigh. The old ale pumps, bright like those of venerable English inns, shine benevolently out of the dim background. They have been there ever since the name of Brosnan went up over the door.

The history of the American stage of two generations ago passes in review in rows of playbills, recalling the great actors of the romantic drama, and the names of the Bowery Theatre, of the Theatre Comique, of all that long line of playhouses which years ago went under in the march of progress. Lithographs and engravings attest the greatness of Henry Clay and such like gladiators of his time, while in the paddock, surrounded by greatcoated admirers, we see the debaters Heenan and Sayers arguing out the championship of all England.

These mementos of the past are gradually disappearing. One good customer or another has claimed some choice piece for his private collection, to be stored away with prime Bourbon or Irish against the day when the shutters go up on Brosnan's once for all.

A figure of his time was Theodore Stewart, who in 1860 started the saloons that bear his name. A personable man, with a wide reach of white waistcoat, he was one of the adornments of his calling. He had an eye, and was one of the first to hang saloon walls with gilt framed oil paintings of nymphs. Wandering artists who could paint lifelike portraits of dollar bills were sure of a welcome at Stewart's.

Red hangings screened the gleaming figures of goddesses. How he delighted in the sight of painted game, and of the Colt's revolvers limned with such realism that they stood out from the backgrounds as if they might be knocked loose. This was no saloon; a shrine of the arts. The one in Warren street is soon to be dismantled and all its effects sold at public vendue.

Others of the name have passed to other ownerships, shorn of many of their objets d'art, but still retaining as a special exhibit the first pump which wooed from the willing keg the first draught of brown October ever served across the bar.

A study of the saloons of old New York would take us back to the days of the City Hotel, when the display of crystal glasses and mirrors was so lavish Malvolio would have protested.

Strange how the traditions of the tavern have persisted through all the years. There is the ancient landmark at Beekman street and Gold, accounted a chop house in these days, but none the less retaining the ale scent that has hung around it since the Revolution. Fraunces Tavern has been restored and remodelled many a time, and yet it has to this day the tiny bar, which must have been much the same when Washington in the Long Room overhead took leave of the officers of his army.

Down at Broad and Water streets, on what was once the end of a big wharf, remains the Old Coffee, the rafters still redolent of the gin and the pipe smoke of colonial days. When Washington was inaugurated as first President of the United States, many of those who took part in the procession assembled in the old tavern, a rival of the house of Black Sam Fraunce. Over this place now presides Fritz Lindinger, who is meditating the conversion of the place into restaurant or chop house when drought falls upon the land.

And down in Coenties Slip is the Museum Bar, so called because a few days ago it was hung with stuffed alligators and lizards, bulbous blow fish and unsociable porcupines. It had old muskets, flintlocks, blunt nosed derringers. The sailor men who for seventy-five years have been guiding the foamy schooners wing and wing across the bar will miss this place when the good brown tide goes out forever and ever.

Let none imagine that because there may be no more ale with cakes that the historic chop houses will expire. True, a mug of cider is not a flagon, and Rolfe's, the one bar in town next door to a church, and Farrish's with its glowing grill will have to begin to serve eats with temperance drinks.

But many a Bowery landmark from the palmy days will be missed. In those days scores of saloons there were garish and gaudified. Present day ones are tame affairs compared with the old "gilded dives." Billy McGlory's is no more. Who ever hears these days of bold, bad Harry Hill? McGurk's Suicide Hall has gasped its last. Dive keeping was a passing phase of the New York saloon. Citizens' committees and the police decided it had to pass.

Gradually the saloon came to be considered, in sociological circles, the poor man's club. It is not so many years since a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church opened the "Subway Tavern." Various substitutes for the saloon of the screened windows and swing doors have been put forward; and just before the cataclysm the brewers were promoting saloons of the type of the English pub. Whatever may be said of our old time saloons, many of them made a strong appeal to the social instincts. Here men found a kind of friendship, found a helping hand in need. The saloon was usually a stronghold of the district political leader. The hold it had is well exemplified by the career of the late Silver Dollar Smith. In the centres of the tiles of his saloon were embedded silver dollars, which as the years went by were scuffed smooth by the feet of habitues.

There is another type of saloon which has by common consent become a meeting place for men of one kind only. Witness a wine shop in the Bowery near Houston street, where year after year the same grave faced men foregathered over their Moselle and talked of homes beyond the sea.

There is Cobweb Hall, with its encrusted bottles and its shining taps, where the laboring men from the neighborhood of City Hall foregather. Further up is that bright haven, The Truck Drivers' Rest, American rival of Dickens's Inn of the Six Jolly Porters.

The toilers who live near Cooper Union get together at McSorley's, ancient home of good ale. The old walnut bar over which the tankards slide is lacking just four years of being 100. It began in a saloon where now Cooper Union stands, and was bought by John McSorley, then fresh from Ireland, who in 1854 established the place which bears his name.

For most of his earlier fifty-five years John drank his own brew earnestly and well. Then he stopped for thirty-two years, and rising at 5 every morning, walked briskly to the Battery and took a swim. Whether strong drink or cold water prolonged his life is still a matter of dispute. When he died in 1910 he had the clear and ruddy complexion of youth. His white side whiskers gave him a striking resemblance to certain rich men of the day, for whom he was often mistaken.

The friend of the poor, he was also on friendly terms with Commodore Vanderbilt, and many a time on the road in the morning they met to race their trotters. McSorley's too looks the same to-day as when it was first opened. The grimy ceiling, the sawdusted floor, the hospitable grate fire in winter, the walls covered with old prints and play bills and first copies of New York newspapers, one of them being THE SUN, are all part of the old atmosphere. William McSorley, son of the founder, now plans to convert the place into a chop house.

So from the old taverns of the Island's Toe to where the ink vine twineth in Greenwich Village, in the words of Victor Hugo, "every time the hour sounds everything here below says a goodby."

The Gem Saloon, a gem of the '50's

Weimar Is Hun Refuge

AN ancient city of refuge for ideals is Weimar, the little capital of the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, where on Thursday next the first German Assembly of the new democracy will be held. The German Athens it was called when Germany truly reverenced art and letters and sages, and though its glamour began to fade as a citadel of culture when Goethe died in 1828 it has held out all these years against the spurious culture of the Hun.

A shelter for republicanism it was when its fame was spreading through the literary world, and when in 1870 the conquest of France had been accomplished the victor's song was heard, not in Weimar, but in Berlin. The capital of Prussia may lose its influence in German affairs if Germany truly repents; storied Weimar of the Golden Age may prevail once more.

The rime of a thousand years encrusts the venerable city founded in the ninth century; her streets are plain to shabbiness, and yet there is within her gates the soul that should have dominated Germany. Weimar gave the world philosophers, poets and dreamers. Berlin gave Prussia war lords and junkers.

The making of a constitution for Germany in such an environment as Weimar may mean much to the future. It is certain that the thought of a new government coming into being in Weimar at this late day is still abhorrent to Berlin.

The Grand Duke Karl August, despite his patrician ways, was at heart a democrat. His palace even in the early part of the eighteenth century was a very plain one, and often he sold jewels and other precious belongings that he might help author, poet or musician. Compared with Wilhelm Hohenzollern he would have been classed as a true republican, although he did join the Prussian army. As a statesman he was far ahead of his time and even came near bringing about a form of constitutional government in his duchy.

His counsellors were men of lofty motives and broad views. The old Germany was scandalized when he called to sit with him in the management of public matters men not of noble birth, although one of them was Goethe.

We think always of the author of "Faust" when Weimar is mentioned, and yet in these days the sponsors for the young German democracy draw more inspiration from a shabby little house up a side street than from the classic structure where Goethe dwelt. Plain almost to meanness is the other house where Schiller dwelt, as it appears to-day, still attesting as it does his poverty, and yet it seems as some sacred fane to those who hope for Germany.

Schiller was a rebel against militarism. His genius was all but crushed by the relentless rules of the military school where he was sent as a boy. The Prussian idea was to him the epitome of lawless cruelty.

Driven from his native province by a ruler who forbade him to write poetry any more, Schiller found at last in Weimar a haven among congenial souls. It mattered not to them that he had pilloried Teutonic tyranny in his "Wilhelm Tell" or that he had violently attacked aristocracy in "The Robbers."

By far the happiest years of Schiller's life was spent in the German Athens. Carlyle tells of the first visit of Schiller in 1787 to Weimar. The poets Herder and Wieland received him with cordial welcome and, with Wieland, nestor of German letters, he soon formed a friendly intimacy.

"You know the men," he wrote, "of whom Germany is proud; a Herder, a Wieland, with their brethren; and one wall now encloses me and them. What excellencies are in Weimar! In this city, at least in this territory, I mean to settle for life, and at length once more to get a country."

Goethe was in Italy when Schiller first went to Weimar, but on his return the two poets became warm friends, and their association is linked with the name of the city itself. The literary circle formed about them. Together in bronze they stand to this day in a public square at Weimar—the Goethe-Schiller monument.

The memory of the twain is suggested at every turn in the [illegible]. The National Goethe Museum [illegible] them with many precious rel[illegible].

In Weimar music also found [illegible] ven. Here dwelt Franz Liszt, the great pianist and composer [illegible] him, broken, discouraged [illegible] many did not understand [illegible] Wagner. The incomparable [illegible] music of Bach was heard [illegible] time in the ducal palace.

The court theatre of Weimar [illegible] in dramatic art, was the [illegible] rona Schroter and other [illegible] ers. Here dramas of Goethe and of Schiller had their first [illegible].

The more one goes [illegible] history of Weimar the [illegible] influence of the city [illegible]. One landmark is the old [illegible] built centuries ago, from [illegible] which Martin Luther [illegible] the selling of indulgences. [illegible] portrait, painted by [illegible]. Near the altar is a painting of [illegible] fixion, from the brush of [illegible] the elder, and in it [illegible] of Luther and Melanchthon. [illegible] impress of the militant [illegible] much to form the German [illegible] and to give ideals to the [illegible] old, may still be detected.

The German people [illegible] ing back to Weimar [illegible] stages of their pilgrimage [illegible] of tyranny and materialism [illegible] of freedom and ideals.

Crippled Soldiers Being Made Expert Farmers

Continued From Eighth Page.

schools for soldiers on the use of tractors. The mastery of the engines of these appliances is easy enough after one has learned the anatomy of the automobile.

The use of electrical machinery and appliances for farmhouse and stable lighting have an especial appeal to the soldier student. In many Western States where stream and waterfall may be harnessed to the plough and the threshing machine the electric current is bound to be more and more a factor in agriculture. The time may come when with the aid of the turbine a farmer may make electric current from the brook that rushes through his own meadows or woods.

As many farmers in the broad reaches of the West are employing the electric current to saw wood, to churn and to be the chief hired man about the place, it is natural that the would be scientific farmers at Lawrenceville should be eager to master the secrets of this new power. When the Government develops the great forces of the rivers and streams and distributes them so that users of current both large and small, may have what they need, the value of a working knowledge of electricity will mean much to the farmer.

Owing to the fact that only a part of the men at Lawrenceville have recovered, there are not many who can give the whole day to work or study. Some have only enough strength for two hours' work a day; others can stand half a day. The school, therefore, considers each branch, of course, as a unit. The student who becomes proficient in any one of them gets a credit slip which puts him on the preferred list for employment. There are special marks for such courses as operating of farms, managing a dairy herd, or raising poultry and hogs, or preparing ensilage.

Some men may wish to continue their old trades in the city, but may find that on account of their injuries they must have a certain amount of out of door life. For such as these, side lines like poultry raising or gardening may be made to add to the family income, and give greater interest to suburban life. A short period of training is very helpful to them.

The plan which guides the school at Lawrenceville is likely to be followed in other parts of the country. It is especially helpful to the young men who came from the rural districts and want to get back to their old form of life. One who is just getting on his feet after weeks of hospital care, said: "I want to go home and be around the farm where I can smell the cows."

"I wish I had done this ten years ago," said a one armed marine the other day. He had spent all his life in the city of New York, where before his enlistment he had been a salesman for a wholesale house. He is now interested in small farming and expects to specialize in bees.

Among the cases at Lawrenceville was that of a youth who had lost control of the motion of his fingers owing to a bullet wound in the right arm. Under ordinary conditions he would have been put through a course of mechanical exercises or would have had to stand at a patent exercising machine.

Instead of putting him through this tedious process the physicians assigned him to the greenhouse. He became intensely interested in the work, and slowly regained the use of his fingers by transplanting seedlings. In his delight in getting his fingers into the moist earth he forgot his pain, and his disabled fingers obeyed his will.

A veteran who had gone through the horrors of Chateau-Thierry completed his course in stock raising and is now on his way to a Western ranch. Several officers who were physically disabled in the war have already qualified as farm superintendents. They had been boys on the farm and they added technical training to their early experience.

The returning soldier, in the opinion of experts, will have an important influence in solving that vexed problem—the high cost of living. A member of the Federal board said yesterday that probably another year will pass before the effect of the training of the soldier farmer will be appreciably felt. The enormous demands of Europe for food will keep up prices for months to come, despite the slight declines in food costs which are noticed.

After every great war the soldier returns from the field of battle to till the grain field. This was so after the war of the American Revolution, when through the foresight of Gen. Washington land was given to the officers of the army, and thus came the conquest of the northwestern territory. The flourishing States of the middle West, such as Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, resulted from that wise policy.

Again the soldier went to the conquest of the soil after he was mustered out when the struggle between the North and South had ceased. A country cried aloud for development and he heard its call. He now hears it again, and he will bring to his task not only a love of rural life but technical training gained in special schools and also that efficiency which made possible the great achievements of American arms.

SOLDIERS GETTING FIRST LESSON IN GAS ENGINES

LEARNING DAIRYING AT LAWRENCEVILLE, N.J.